January - 24 - 1917

HIGH SCHOOL

Composition Book

Pearl Jacobs,

Bryant,

January 29, 1914 Wis.

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January, 25, 1914 —

Pearl Jacobs, Bryant, Wis.

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Kentucky Belle.

Constance Woolson

I Summer of 'sixty-three, sir, and Conrad was gone away—
Gone to the country town, sir, to sell our first load of hay:
We lived in a log-house yonder, poor as ever you've seen;
Roschen there was the baby, and I was only nineteen.

II Conrad he took the oxen, but he left Kentucky Belle.
How much we thought of Kentuck, I couldn't begin to tell—
Came from the blue-grass country; my father gave her to me
When I rode north with Conrad, away from

the Tennessee.

III Conrad lived in Ohio — a German he is, you know —
The house stood in broad cornfields, stretching on row after row.
The old folks made me welcome; they were kind as kind could be;
But I kept longing, longing, for the hills of the Tennessee.

IV Oh, for a sight of water, the shadowed slope of a hill!
Clouds that hang on the summit, a wind that never is still!
But the level land went stretching away to meet the sky —
Never a rise from north or south to rest the

weary eye!

V From east to west no river to shine out under
the moon,
Nothing to make a shadow in the yellow
after-noon:
Only the breathless sunshine, as I looked
out, all forlorn;
Only the "rustle, rustle," as I walked among
the corn.

VI When I fell sick from pining, we didn't
wait any more,
But moved away from the cornlands, out to
this river-shore—
The Tuscarawas it's called, sir—off there's
a hill, you see—
And now I've grown to like it, next best to the Tennessee.

VII I was at work that morning. Some one came riding like mad
Over the bridge and up the road—Farmer Routh's little lad
Bareback he road; he had no hat; he hardly stopped to say:
"Morgan's men are coming Frau; they're galloping on this way."

VIII "I'm sent to warn the neighbors. he isn't a mile behind;
He sweeps up all the horses—every horse that he can find.
Morgan, Morgan the raider, and Morgan's terrible men,
With Bowie knives and pistols, are galloping up the glen!"

II The lad rode down the valley, and I stood still at the door
The baby laughed and prattled, playing with spools on the floor;
Kentuck was out in the pasture; Conrad, my man, was gone.
Near, nearer, Morgan's men, were galloping, galloping on!

x Sudden I picked up baby, and ran to the pasture bar.
"Kentuck"! I called—"Kentucky!" She new me ever so far!
I lead her down the gully that turns off there to the right,
And tied her to the bushes; her head was just out of sight.

6

x As I ran back to the log-house, at once there came a sound—
The ring of hoofs, galloping hoofs, trembling over the ground—
Coming into the turnpike out from the White-woman glen—
Morgan, Morgan the raider, and Morgan's terrible men.

XI As near they drew, and nearer, my heart beat fast in alarm;
But still I stood in the door-way with baby on my arm.
They came they passed with spur and whip In haste they sped along
Morgan, Morgan the raider and his band six-hundred strong

XIII Weary they looked and jaded riding through
night and through day;
Pushing on east to the river, many long miles
away,
To the border-strip where Virginia runs up into
the west,
And fording the Upper Ohio, before they could stop
to rest.

XIV On like the wind they hurried, and Morgan rode
in advance;
Bright were his eyes like live coals, as he gave
me a sidewise glance;
And I was just breathing freely after my
choking pain;
When the last one of the troopers suddenly
drew his rein.

XV Frightened I was to death, sir; I scarce
dared look in his face
As he asked for a drink of water, and glanced
around the place.
I gave him a cup and he smiled — 'twas only a
boy, you see,
Faint and worn, with dim blue eyes; and he'd
sailed on the Tennessee!

XVI Only sixteen he was, sir — a fond mother's only
son —
Off and away with Morgan before his life had
begun.
The damp drops stood on his temples; drawn
was his boyish mouth;
And I thought me, of his mother, waiting down
in the South.

XVII Oh! pluck was he to the back-bone, and
clear grit through and through;
Boasted and bragged like a trooper; but the big
words wouldn't do; —
The boy was dying sir, dying as plain as plain
could be,
Worn out with his ride with Morgan up from
the Tennessee.

XIX But when I told the laddie I too was from the
south
Water came in his dim blue eyes and quivers
around his mouth.
"Do you know the Blue Grass country?" he
wistfully began to say
Then swayed like a willow sapling and fainted
dead away.

IV I had him in the log house; and worked and
brought him to;
I fed him and I coaxed him as I thought his
mother's do;
And when the lad got better and the noise
in his head was gone,
Morgan's men were miles away, galloping,
galloping on.

V "Oh, I must go" he muttered; "I must be up and
away!
Morgan - Morgan is waiting for me! Oh,
what will Morgan say?
But I heard the sound of trampling and kept
him back from the door -
The ringing sound of horses' hoofs that I had
heard before.

XVI And on, on came the soldiers the Michigan cavalry—
And fast they rode and black they looked galloping rapidly;
They had followed hard on Morgan's track; they had followed day and night;
But of Morgan and Morgan's raiders they had never caught a sight.

XVII And rich Ohio sat startled through all those summer days;
For strange wild men were galloping in her broad highways.—
Now here, now there, now seen, now gone, now north, now east, now west,
Through river valleys and cornland farms, sweeping away her best.

XVI A bold ride and a long ride! But they were
taken at last.
They almost reached the river by galloping
hard and fast;
But the boys in blue were upon them
ere ever they gained the for[d]
And Morgan, Morgan the raider, laid down
his terrible sword.

XVII Well, I kept the boy till evening—kept him
against his will—
But he was too weak to follow and sat
there pale and still.
When it was cool and dusky—you'll wonder
to hear me tell,
But, I stole down to that gully, and brought
up Kentucky Belle.

XV I kissed the star in her forehead—my pretty, gentle lass—
But I knew she'd be happy back in the old Blue-grass.
A suit of clothes of Conrad's, with all the money I had,
And Kentuck, pretty Kentuck, I gave to the worn-out lad.

XVI I guided him to the south-ward as well as I knew how;
The boy rode off with many thanks and many a backward bow;
And then the glow it faded and my heart began to swell,
As down the glen, away she went, my lost Kentucky Belle!

XVII When Conrad came in the evening, the moon was
shining high;
Baby and I were both crying — I couldn't tel
him why —
But a battered suit of rebel gray was hanging on
the wall,
And a thin old horse, with drooping head stood
In Kentucky's stall.

XVIII Well, he was kind and never once said a hard
word to me;
He knew I couldn't help it — 'twas all for the
Tennessee.
But after the war was over, just think what
came to pass! —
A letter, sir; and the two were safe
back in the old Bluegrass

The lad had got across the border, riding Kentucky Belle;
And Kentuck, she was thriving, and fat, and hearty, and well,
He cared for her, and kept her, nor touched her with whip or spur.
Ah! we've had many horses since, but never a horse like her!

2 — 5 — 14 —

Kentucky.

In thy hills oh my Kentucky; where a railroad's never been;
Where the song-birds sweetest wildness,
Ever echoes through thy glen.
There my heart is ever, shall be—
In thy mountains, steep and wild
I have wondered, Still amongs them are the

fancies of a child.

II 'Round thy lofty summits, fair land,
The geathering mists of eve; floats about like fairy airships
On the shoreless, boundless, seas.
And the night bird's shrilly calling in the moon-beams silver light
Makes a life that's worth the living
Neath the southeren sky so bright.

III In a pioneer's lowly cabin, was I born among thy hills;
Where the bright Kentucky 's flowing
Onward! onward! at its will.
There I passed my happy child-hood.
And the golden fleeting hours
That I passed among the roses and the other fragrant flowers

Will ever be before me in my northern
home of strife,
Until my guardian angel breathes out my
spark of life.

IV Again do I behold thee! Oh fair home!
Oh, God's own land!
In thy glorious southern splendor! Oh, native
home of man!
And I hear the breeze whisper,—
"Oh! come back again and play
Where thy heart was always lighter,
And the river winds its way!

V Oh, dear brother, do not leave it, some fairer
land to seek,
But thank God that he has given thee, so
fair a land to keep.

Bottom of Page 63 are two lines that should have been here. *

Your money may be scanty, or thy home
a lowly lot,

But nothing ever tempt thee to leave
God's favorite plot.
Let nothing ever lead thee, beyond its
border hills,
For you are happy children God's choice
in His will.

2 — 6 — 14 Composed by May Napier.

Better Than Gold -

— Alexander Smart —

1. Better than grandeur, better than gold,
Than rank and titles a thousand fold,
Is a healthy body, a mind at ease,
And simple pleasures that always please; —
A heart that can feel for another's woe,
And share his joys with a genial glow;
With sympathies large enough to infold
All men as brothers are better than gold

2 Better than gold is a conscience clear,
Though toiling for bread in a humble sphere;
Doubly blessed with content and health,
Untried by the lusts or cares of wealth,
Lowly living and lofty thought
Adorn and ennoble a poor man's cot;
For mind and morals, in Natures plan,
Are the genuine test of a gentleman.

3. Better than gold is the sweet repose
Of the sons of toil, when their labors close;
Better than gold is a poor man's sleep,
And the balm that drops on his slumbers deep.
Bring sleeping draughts to his downy bed
Where Luxury pillows his aching head;
His simple opiate labor deems
A shorter road to the land of dreams.

IV Better than gold is a thinking mind
That in the relm of books, can find
A treasure surpassing Austrailian ore,
And live with the great and the good of yore.
The sage's lore, and the poet's lay,
The glories of empires passed away,
The world's great drama will thus unfold,
And yield a pleasure better than gold.

V Better than gold is a peaceful home,
Where all the fire-side charities come,—
The shrine of love, the heaven of life,
Hallowed by mother, or sister, or wife.
How ever humble the home may be,
Or tried with sorrow by Heaven's decree,
The blessings that never were bought or sold
And center there, are better than gold.

June 9 — 1914

The Death of the Flowers.

1 The melancholy days are come, the saddest of the year,
Of wailing winds and naked woods and meadows brown and sear.
Heaped in the hollows of the grove the withered leaves lie dead;
They rustle to the eddying gust, and to the rabbits tread.
The robin and the wren are flown, and from the shrubs the jay
And from the wood-top calls the crow thro all the gloomy day.

2 Where are the flowers, the fair young flowers, that lately sprang and stood
In brighter light, and softer airs, a beauteous sister-hood?

Alas! They all are in their graves: the gentle
race of flowers
Are lying in their lowly beds with the fair
and good of ours
The rain is falling where they lie, but the
cold November rain,
Calls not, from out the gloomy earth the lovely
ones again

3 The wind-flower and the violet, they perished
long ago
And the brier rose and orchis died amid the
summer glow;
But on the hill the golden rod, and the aster
in the wood,
And the yellow sunflower by the brook in
autumn beauty stood
Till fell the frost from clear cold
heaven,

as falls the plague on men
And the brightness of their smile was
gone from upland glade and glen.

4. And now, when comes the calm mild day as
still such days will come,
To call the squirrel and the bee from
out their winter home;
When the sound of dropping nuts are heard
though all the trees are still
And twinkle in the smoky light the waters
of the rill,
The south wind searches for the flowers
whose fragrance late he bore,
And sighs to find them in the wood and by
the stream no more.

— Wm. C. Bryant

It Couldn't Be Done ÷ by ÷ Edgar Guest—

Some body said that it couldn't be done
But he with a chuckle replied;
That "Mabie it couldn't but he would be on
Who wouldn't say so 'till he'd tried
So he buckled right in with a trace of a grin
On his face If he worried he hid it.
He started to sing as he tackled the thing
That Couldn't be done — and he did it.

Somebody scoffed! "Oh you'll never do that
At least no one ever has done it."
But he took off his coat and he took off his hat,
And the first thing he knew he'd begun it;
With a lift of his chin and a bit of a grin
With out any doubting or quiddit.
He started to sing as he tackled the thing
That couldn't be done—and he did it.

There are thousands who will tell you
it cannot be done;
There are thousands who prophesy failure
There are thousands who point out to you one by one
The dangers that wait to assail you.
But just buckle in with a bit of a grin
Then take off your coat and go to it.
Just start in to sing as you tackle the thing
That cannot be done — and you'll do it.

2 — 17 — 14. [illegible]

The Spring Walk.

— Thomas Miller —

We had a pleasant walk today
Over the meadow and far away,
Across the bridge by the water-mill,
By the woodside and up the hill;
And if you listen to what I say,
I'll tell you what I saw today

I Amid the hedge where the first leaves
Were peeping from their sheathes so sly
We saw four eggs with in a nest,
And they were as blue as a summer sky

II An elder branch dipped in the brook;
We wondered why it moved and found
A silken haired smooth water-rat
Nibbling, and swimming round and round.

III Where daisies open'd to the sun,
In a broad meadow, green and white,
The lambs were racing eagerly —
We never saw a prettier sight.

IV We saw upon the shady banks
Long rows of golden flowers shine,
And first mistook for buttercups

The star shaped yellow celandine,

V Anemones and prim roses,
And the blue violets of spring.
We found while listening by a hedge
To hear a merry plowman sing.

VII And from the earth, the plow turned up
There came a sweet refreshing smell
Such as the lily of the vale
Sends forth from many a woodland dell.

VIII And leaning from the old stone bridge,
Below we saw our shadows lie;
And through the gloomy arches watched
The swift and fearless swallows fly.

IX We heard the speckle-breasted lark

And tried to find it, but the sky
Was filled with clouds of dazzling light.

I We saw young rabbits near the woods
And heard the pheasant's wings go "whir";
And then we saw a squirrel leap
From an old oak tree to a fir.

II We came back by the village fields,
A pleasant walk it was across 'em,
For all behind the houses lay
The orchards red and white in blossom.

III Were I to tell you all we saw,
I'm sure that it would take me hours;
For the whole landscape was alive
With bees and birds and buds and flowers.

March 20 — 1914

In School Days   J. G. Whittier

I Still sits the school house by the road,
A ragged begger sleeping;
Around it still the sumachs grow
And black-berryvines are creeping

II Within the masters desk is seen
Deep scars by raps official
The warping floor, the battered seats,
The jack-knife's carved initial.

III The charcoal frescoes on the wall,
It's doors worn sill, betrayed
The feet that, creeping slow to school,
Went stormingout to play.

IV Long years ago a winter sun
Shone over it at setting,
Lit up it's western window pains
And low eaves icy fretting.

V It touched the tangled, golden curls
And brown eyes full of grieving,
Of one who still her steps delayed
When, all the school were leaving.

VI For near her stood the little boy
Her childish favor singled.
His cap pulled low upon his face
Where pride and shame were mingled.

VII Pushing with wrestless feet, the snow
To right and left, he lingered,
As restlessly her tiny hands,

The blue checked apron fingered.

VIII He saw her lift her eyes;
He felt the soft hand's light caressing;
And heard the trembling of her voice;
As if a fault confessing.

IX "I'm sorry that I spelled the word;
I hate to go above you.
"Because"— the brown eyes, lower fell;—
"Because, you see I love you."

X Still memory to a gray haired man
That sweet child-face is showing,
Dear girl! The grasses on her grave
Have fourty years been growing.

XI He lives to learn his lifes' hard school

How few who pass above him,
Lament their triumph, and his loss,
Like her, because they love him.

4-30-14. m.e.s. Pearl J.

They're Growing Old.
(song)

1 They're growing old, those soldiers bold,
Who fought for us on many a field.
Their muskets rust and gather dust.
No more the trusty sword they weild.

Cho— They're growing old,
Those hearts of gold;
So soon for aye
Their story's told.
They'll soon be gathered to the fold
They're growing old, Just growing old

II We'll love today these veterans gray,
And give them honor while they stay.
Our debt to them we ne'er can pay.
Ere they from us shall pass away.

Cho:—

When Earth's last Picture is painted.

I When Earths last picture is painted,
And the tubes are twisted and dried,
When the oldest colors have faded,
And the youngest critic has died,
We shall rest, and faith, we shall need it—
Lie down for an aeon or two,
Till the Master of All Good Workmen
Shall set us to work anew.

II And those who were good shall be happy:
They shall sit in a golden chair;
They shall splash at a ten league canvas

With a brush of comet's hair;
They shall find real saints to draw from —
Magdalene, Peter, and Paul;
They shall work for an age at a sitting,
And never be tired at all!

And only the Master shall praise us,
And only the Master shall blame;
And no one shall work for money,
And no one shall work for fame;
But each for the joy of the working,
And each in his seperate star,
Shall draw the thing as he sees it
For the God of Things as they Are.

— Kipling —

5—29—14—

Songs.

Happy School-room.

Here we geather every morning
In this place to us so dear,
To the fount of knowledge coming,
We will gladly hasten here

Happy school-room, happy school-room,
Hear we meet with friends so true.
Hear we walk in wisdom's foot steps.
Daily learning something new.

But our school-days now are fleting,
Like the bye-gone days of yore,
Soon these happy words of greeting,
Will be sung by us no more.

We'll remember, we'll remember,
Those with whom we'll often meet
And we hope again to see them
In a home of love complete.

And we hope to stand with loved ones,
On that bright celestial shore,
There to sing sweet songs of worship.
And be parted never more.

Happy home, our home in Heaven
In that city bright & fair
There we'll join the heavenly chorus
With our loved ones over there.

Two Merry Little Builders. (song)

Two merry little builders, were seated side
by side, —
One was robin red-breast, — the other was
his bride —
Then gentle Mrs. Robin, was filled with sudden fear

She heard some children whisper, "Miss
Pussy's very near"
She listened faint and breathless,— and
wild with terror grew,
And to the sky-ward branches, with throbing
heart she flew,—
Her husband quickly followed, and
laughed, with all his might,—
He knew the funny blunder, that caused her
such a fright
Says he "We're miles from Cat-ville, and have
no cause to fear.
The only pussy near us is Pussy Willow,
dear."

May-10th 1915 P. C. J.

Save My Mother's Picture From the Sale

I. I've been thinking of a day,
That has long since passed away.
When my mother, with fever, drooped and died,
I was just a boy then,
My age was scarcely ten.
I remember, Oh, how bitterly I cried!
When the land had to be sold,
I cried with grief un-told,
"Oh, save my mother's picture from the sale

Cho - My Mother's face, that dear old face,
Her loss I ever shall bewail,
Don't break an orphan's heart!
From it, don't make me part,
Oh save my mother's picture from the Sale

II The auction day came 'round.
The room with mirth did sound.
And the things I loved so well soon passed away.
The Chair in which she sat,
In which she liked to chat
All passed out into strangers hands that day.
The table where I played,
The Cot in which I lay, all passed away, like chaff
before the gale; -
And when the end came near,
I cried with piteous fear,
"Oh! save my mother's picture, from the sale"

Chorus :-

III The picture 'round was passed.
The questions, they were asked.
And a prise was bid for it just here and there

The tears streamed down my face,—
I could scarcely keep my place,
As I saw the picture pass, without a care:
An angel of a girl,
With a wealth of golden curls,
Was touched to see my face so sad & pa
She out-bid them all, you see,
And presented it to me,
And she saved my mother's picture from
the Sale.

Chorus — (Aunt Tish learned this from Dan Grant.)

Pearl Jacobs.
May 16th 1915 Sun
12:45 P.M.

The Auctioneer Sale (Song)

I In an old rustic cottage that stands in
the square,
For ninety odd years, that old cottage stoo

stood there,
Surrounded by trees, and a fence that is worn
'Twas the home of my father, and there, I was born.
Misfortune came o'er us and soon it did tell,
The sheriff came in our old home to sell,
'Twas there I did weep, and poor mother did mourn,
I pleaded in vain, to please spare our home

Cho:—
Please, spare the old home, please, spare it I pray,
Don't turn out my mother so feeble and gray,

My dear loving sister, so weekly
and frail,
Auctioneer, auctioneer, please stop the sal

II

You seldom could find any happier
lot,
Than our little family that dwelt
in that cot,
There was father, and mother, sister,
brother and I,
'Till sickness came o'er us and fath
did die,
Then brother left home to find some-
thing to do,
And where he had gone no one ever
knew,
I toiled early and late, to keep down
the debt,

And, oft times I hear my self pleading
there yet
Cho:-

I pleaded in vain, but without
avail;
The auctioneer still continued to cry
on the sale,
And the very last bidder was a man
quite un-known,
'Till his money he'd paid, and purchased
the home
Then mother and sister, with hearts
sad and sore,
Prepared, to depart from the old cottage
door,
When the stranger spoke up, saying,
"Your sorrow is done,

"I'll return you your home, I'm your
long lost son"

Cho:—
Love and rejoicing was there
on that day,
When brother embraced my dear
mother so gray,
A welcome from me, and my sister
so frail,
And that put an end to that dread
sheriff sale

Cho:—

Sung by Dan Grant — at Aunt Sish's.
May 21st, 1915
Fri. day 10:00 + P.M.

Break The News To Mother. (song)

While the shot and shell were raging
upon the battle field,
The boys in blue were fighting, their noble
flag to shield,
Came a cry from their brave captain,
"Look!, boys, the flag is down,
Who will volunteer to save it from
disgrace?"
"I will!" a brave lad shouted,
"I'll bring it back or die!" then sprang
into the thickest of the fray,
Saved our flag but gave his young life,
for his country's sake,—
They brought him back and heard him
softly say—
Chorus:— "Just break the news to mother,

She knows how dear I love her,
Just tell her not to wait for me,
For I'm not coming home.
Just say there is no other.
Can take the place of mother,
Just kiss her dear sweet lips, for me,
And break the news to her."

From afar a noted General
Has witnessed that brave deed
"Who saved our flag? Speak up boys
'Twas noble, brave, indeed."
"There he lies, Sir," Said the Captain
"He's fading very fast,"
And then to hide the tears,
he turned away—
The general in a moment knelt down
beside the boy

He gave a cry, that touched all
hearts that day,
"'Tis my son! my brave young
hero;—
I thot you safe at home";
"Forgive me father, for I ran away".

Rosalee The Prairie Flower.

I (Song.)

On a distant prairie, where the heather wild,
In its quiet beauty lived and smiled,
Stands a little cottage and a creeping vine
Loves around its porch to twine.
In that peaceful cottage, dwelt a little child;
Her blue eyes beaming soft and mild,
And the wavy ringlets of her flaxen hair
Floated on the summer air.
Cho:- Fair as a lily; joyous and free,

(over)

Light of that prairie home, was she,
Every one who knew her, felt the gentle powe[r]
Of Rosalie the prairie flower.

II
On that distant prairie, when the days were lon[g]
Tripping like a fairie; Sweet her song.
With the sunny blossoms and the birds at play
Beautiful and bright as they.
When the twilight shadows, gathered in the wes[t]
And the voice of Nature sank to rest
Like a cherub kneeling, seemed this lovely chil[d]
With her gentle eyes so mild.
Chorus ÷
III
But the summer faded, and the chilly blast
O'er that happy cottage swept at last.
When the autumn song birds woke the dewy morn[ing]
Little Prairie Flower was gone.
For the angels whispered softly in her ear,
"Child, the Father calls thee! Stay not here"!
And they gently bore her robed in spotless whit[e]
To her blissful home, of light,

Those we may never smile on her more—
Gone with the joy and love she bore,
Far away she is blooming in a fadeless bower,
Sweet Rosalee the prairie flower.
Chorus ÷

Christeen Le Roy

I No, brother I'll never be better,
It's useless in telling me so,
For my poor broken heart, is a-waiting,
A resting place under the snow.
I only was dreaming, dear brother,
Of our once happy home filled with joy
When a serpent crept into our Eden,
'Twas beautiful Christeen Le Roy.

(over)

II

I was dreaming again of our brid[e]
One year ago only, tonight.
As I stood with the gas-lights above m[e]
All robed in my jewels and white.
She came with the smile of an angel
And wished us a life-time of joy;
But I trembled with fear at the meaning
In the bright eyes of Christeen Le Roy.

II

The jewels shown bright in her tresses,
Parted back from her white marble brow
They gleamed like the stars in the gas-light
On her fingers as white as the snow
She gave her hand to my husband
Tho' I knew he was only a boy
That beautiful radiant creature,
'Twas beautiful Christeen Le Roy

V So the time wore away and my husband
Grew weary and wayward each day
Tho' I knew 'twas the wiles of a woman
Who so artfully lead him a-stray
One bright summer evening I met them,
'Twas enough all my life to destroy,
Hand in hand with her head on his shoulder,
Walked my husband and Christeen La Roy

VI Now, brother, be kind to your sister,
Whose poor heart grows weary and faint,
From the ways and the wiles of a demon,
With the beautiful face of a Saint,
When I sleep 'neath the snow-drifts of winter,
Where no sorrow, or sin can destroy,
Oh! tell them they murdered me, brother,
My husband, and Christeen La Roy.

May 27 '16
1916 R. E. Skaggs Leffler Indiana

Pass Under The Rod.

I saw a young bride
In her beauty and pride,
Bedecked in her snowy array
And a bright flush of joy
Manteled high on her cheek,
For her future seemed smiling and gay
As with woman's devotion
She layed her fond heart
At the shrine of idolitros love,
And anchored her hopes
To this perishing earth,
By the chain which her tenderness wove
But I saw when those heart strings
Were bleeding and torn
And the chain had been severed in two,
She had changed her white robes

For the sables of grief,
And her bloom for the paleness of woe:—
But the Healer was there
Pouring balm on her heart,
And wiping the tears from her eyes
He had strengthened the chain
He had broken in twain,
And fastened it firm in the skies
There had whispered a voice,
'Twas the voice of her God,
"I love thee! I love thee!
Pass under the rod"!

II I saw a young mother in tenderness bend
O'er the cot of her slumbering boy,
And she kissed the sweet lips
As he murmured her name,
While the dreamer lay smiling with joy
★ I saw her then bend o'er that same lovely form
Pale as marble and silent and cold.—
More pale and more still was her beautiful boy

When the tale of her sorrow was told
Chor.
But the Healer was there
Who had stricken her heart,
And taken her treasure away
To lure her to Heaven,
He'd placed it on high,
And the mourner will sweetly obey
There had whispered a voice,
'Twas the voice of her God,
"I love thee! I love thee!
Pass under the rod!"

III
I saw then a father and mother who leaned
On the arm of their dear gifted son —
And the star of the future
Grew bright to their gaze,
When they saw the proud place he had won
★ But I saw them again,
Bending low o'er the grave
Where their heart's dearest hopes had been
laid.

Their star had gone down
To the darkness of night,
And the joy from their bosoms had fled

Cho:- But the Healer was there
And his arms were around -
And he lead them with tenderest care.
He showed them a star
In that bright upper world.-
'Twas their star shining brilliantly there.
They had each heard a voice,
'Twas the voice of their God
"I love thee! I love thee!
Pass under the rod!"

January 27th 1916
- Thursday - [illegible]

Let By-Gones, Be By-Gones.

1 I entered a station one evening,
And boarded a mid-night train
Beside me sat two small children
Quarreling over some game
Across the aisle sat a lady
A grand-mother, old and gray
She took the two children beside her
And softly I heard her say:

Cho:- Let by-gones be by-gones, forever
For-get and forgive each wrong
In sunshine and sorrow my darling
Make life one grand sweet song
Remember each defect of kindness
Come straight from the heart they say
Don't talk about faults of another
Let by-gones be by-gones for aye

II Down the aisle came a stranger
He paused when he saw her face
He knew 'twas the mother who loved him
On whom he had brot disgrace,
Her heart seemed to swell with emotion,
And then came one cry of joy.
She said "John let by-gones be by-gones."
And fell in the arms of her boy.

Chorus -

January-27-1910
— Thursday —

The Wabash Cannon Ball

I From the broad Atlantic to the wide Pacific shore
From the green and rooling mountains.
From the south belt to the door
She is mighty, tall and slender,
Known quite well by you all
There's a mighty combination
On the Wabash Cannon Ball

(over)

II Listen to the jingling and the rumbling and the roar
As she glides up through the woodland
O'er the hills and by the shore.
Listen to the rushing engine;
Hear the merry hobos squall
"Theres no chance to be taken,
On the Wabash Cannon Ball."

II Our eastern states are dandy, so the people all do say
From Illinoise, to St. Louis,
And Chicago by the way
From the lakes of Minnesota,
Where the rippling waters fall,
We'll ride back through the jungles
On the Wabash Cannon Ball

IV. Heres to old "Daddy" Clarkston;
"May his name forever stand"!
Long may he be remembered
In the courts of Alabam'
And when his earthly race is run
And the curtains around him fall,
We'll carry him back to Dixie
On the Wabash Cannon Ball
(Russell brot this song home from Camp)

January - 28th 1918.

Hear The Wind Of Wild November!

I "Hear the winds of wild November"!
Sang the robin on the bough,
Comrades mine let all remember;
We must hasten homeward now!

Chorus:
Join in our carol! Join in our carol!
(over)

One farewell concert, ere we speed away;
'Mid the fresh blossoms of the far south land
We must all spend Thanksgiving day.

II Fare you well, oh happy children!
In the cold and Ice and snow,
You must spend the silent winter.
How I wish you all could go!
Chorus:— Sept; 10th-19[illegible]

October Gave a Party.

October gave a party,
The leaves by hundreds came,
The ashes, oaks, and maples,
And leaves of every name,
The sunshine spread the carpet,
And every-thing was grand.

Miss Weather lead the dancing,
Professor Wind, the band.
The chestnut came in yellow,
The oak in crimson dressed,
And lovely Mrs. Maple
In scarlet looked her best,
All balanced to their partners
And gaily fluttered by.
The sight was like a rain-bow,
New fallen from the sky.
And in that rustic hollow,
At hide-and-seek they played.
The party closed at sun-down,
But everybody stayed.
Professor Wind played louder
And flew along the ground.
And then the party ended,
With hands across all round.

Sept. 1911

Autumn.

I

We welcome thee gladly,
Sweet Queen, of the year,
As o'er the broad hillside,
Thy glorys appear,
We hail with all gladness
Thy wonderful reign
O'er mountain, and valley
O'er river and plain

II

Thy banners are waving
Triumphantly grand,
O'er all the broad fields
Of our beautiful land,
O'er all the deep woods
And the radient hills

Thy marvelous beauty
Awakens and thrills.

III Thy song shall swell upward
In gladness and praise,
For all the sweet joys
Of thy wonderful days
Our hearts raise to God,
The great Father Divine,
Who gave thee the glory
With which thou doest shine.

Sept, 12 - 1916

Con't from Page 17

Oh stay among it's mountains! Be satisfied with life!
For we know the city's grandeur
Adds only to thy strife.

There'll Come a Time

I "Why are you sad, papa, my darling?
Why are those tears, falling today?—
Why do you look at me so sadly?—
Have I done wrong, tell me— I pray"
"No! no! my child— you are an angel!
There's not a heart purer than thine!
Only, I fear some time you'll leave me,—
Just as your mother did— there'll come a time

Chorus— "There'll come a time some day—
When I have passed away,—
There'll be no father to guide you
From day to day—
Think well of all I've said.
Honor the man you wed. Always remember
my story— There'll Come a time!

II "Let me know all," papa, my darling,—
Tell me I pray, of mother, dear—
Where has she gone? Why did she leave us?
Why is her name never heard here?
I never felt those arms about me,
Or those sweet lips, pressed close to mine,
I'd give my life only to see her,—
Tell me dear father,—will there come a time"?
Chorus!—

III "Some years ago, well I remember,—
Your mother, child, left home one night;
Fled she,—alas! fled with another—
Just the same tale,—vanished from sight!
In just a year, back to the old home
She came to die,—Yes—baby mine!
That's why I fear, sometime you'll leave me
Just as your mother did,—There'll come a time"
chorus.

Mary And The Wild Moor

I

One night when the wind, it, blew cold,
Blew bitter across the wild moor, –
Young Mary she came, with her child in her arm
Wandering back to her own father's door; –
Crying "father I pray let me in,
Take pity on me I implore,
Or the child at my bosom will perish and die
From the winds that blow 'cross the wild moor

II

"Oh! why did I leave this fair cot
Where I once was so happy and free;
Doomed to rome through the world
Without friends, or a home, Oh dear father.
Take pity on me!"
But her father was deaf to her cries;
Not a sound of her voice reached the door;
The watch-dog did howl and the village bells tolled,
And the winds, they blew 'cross the wild Moor

III
Oh! how must her father have felt
When he came to the door in the morn,?
There he found Mary dead, but the child was alive,—
Fondly clasped to its dead mother's form.
How in frenzy he tore his gray hair
As on Mary he gazed at the door,—
For he knew on that night she had died from the cold
And the wind, that blew 'cross the wild moor.

IV
The father in grief pined away.
The child to its grave was soon bourne.—
And never a soul lives there, to this day,
For the cottage to ruin has gone.
The villagers point out a spot,
Where a willow droops over the door,
Saying "there Mary died, once a gay village bride,
From the winds that blew 'cross the wild moor.

Sept, 13th-1910

Harvest Time.

I The fields are teaming with golden grain
At happy harvest time
We hear the bob-white's sweet refrain
At happy harvest time.

Cho:- Then sing hurrah for harvest time
O'er all the world in every clime.
For nature makes the world sublime
At happy harvest time.

II The fruits are ripening every-where
At happy harvest time.
The smoke from bond-fires fill the air
At happy harvest time.
Chorus

III Thanksgiving day we soon will greet
At happy harvest time.
And all our loved ones we will meet
At happy harvest time.
Chorus — Sept. 16

The Shanty Boys.

I Come all you true born shanty boys
Where ever you may be
I'd have you pay attention,
And listen unto me
I'll tell to you, a story
Of six shanty boys so brave,
Twas on the jam at Gerry's rock
O there they met with a wattery grave

II 'Twas on a Sunday morning

In the springtime of the year,
The logs were piled up mountain high,
And we could not keep them clear.
"Turn out! turn out my brave shanty boys!
All hearts of naught have fear.
We'll break the jam at Gerry's Rock
And to Saginaw town we'll steer."

III

Some of them were willing
While others, they said "No",
For to work upon the Sabbath morn,
They did not wish to go
To work upon the Sabbath morn
They were not willing to go;
But started out with five brave men,
The foreman young Monroe

IV

They had not moved but a log or two,
'Till the foreman he did say:
"I'd have you be on your guard brave lads
For the jam may give away"!
He'd scarcely spoke these warning words
Before the jam did go,
And carried to death the brave shanty boys —
And their foreman, young Manroe.

V

And when the other shanty boys
This sad news came to hear
To search for their lost comrades
To the river they did steer.
To search for their lost comrades
To the river they did go,
And cut and mangled near the beach
Lay their foreman young Manroe

78

VI

They took him from his watery grave
Brushed back his wavey hair.
There was one fair mourner among them,
Who's cries rang on the air.
There was one fair mourner among them
Twas Clara of Saginaw town.
Her screams and cries, rent the skies
For her true love, who was drowned

VII

Poor Clara was a noble girl
She was the raftman's friend.
Her mother was a widow, lady,
Lived near the Saginaw bend.
The wages of her own true love
To Clara, the boss did pay.
And a large subscription reached her
From the shanty boys next day

VIII It was no more than a month or two,
'Till Clara, was called to go.
It was no more than a month or so
'Till death had laid her low
And her last request was granted
To be laid by young Manroe.

IX Come all you true born Shanty-boys,
And go along with me.
Down by the Saginaw river
There stands a hemlock tree
And under it's a tomb-stone
And on it says, I know —
"Here Lies Miss Clara Benton
And her true Love Jack Manroe."

Sept. 18th 1916
P. C. J.

77

2nd part of second verse of "Pass Under The Rod." From: page 53. *

As pure as a rose-bud,
Encircled with dew,
When its fragrance is flung
on the air,
So pure and so sweet,
To his mother he seemed
As he lay in his innocence ther

2nd part of 3rd verse of "Pass Under The Rod." From page 54. *

The on-coming evening of life promised fair,
And the path-way grew smooth to their
feet.
And the bright star of Hope,
Glimmered bright at the end,
And the whispers of fancy were swe

Don't Bite The Hand That Feeds You!

Last nite while I lay sleeping,
A wonderful dream came to me!
I saw "Uncle Sammy" weeping,
For his children, from over the sea.
They had come to him helpless & starving,
From tyrant's oppression had fled,
But now they abuse and revile him
'Til at last in just anger he said:

Chorus:- "If you don't like your "Uncle
Sammy"
Then go back to your home
O'er the sea,-
The land from which you came,
What-ever be its name,
But don't be ungreatful to me,

— continued on page 77 —

Springtime Is Coming!

I Springtime is coming! Oh! beautiful spring
Springtime when blue-birds and bobolinks sing
From out of the flower-buds lazy bees hum,
Telling all nature that spring-time had come.

Cho: Springtime is coming, oh! beautiful spring
Springtime when blue-birds, and bob-o-links sing
Springtime is coming, oh beautiful spring,
When blue-birds and bobolink sing.

II Springtime is coming, oh! beautiful spring,
Springtime when wood-land's sweet fairy bells ring
From out of the mosses the violets rise,
Seeing their beauty, the oak tree sighes:

P. C. J.

— Chorus —

Sept. 10
Sunday - 191

(Dont Bite The Hand That Feeds you continued from Page 75)

If you don't like the stars in
"Old Glory"
If you dont like the red, white & blue,
Then don't be like the cur in
the story,
Dont bite the hand that's feeding you"

II Recall the day you landed;
I welcomed you there on the shore,
I geathered you close to my bosom,
And illegience, forever, you swore.
You came to me empty-handed,
And clothing and food, you got both,
So now when in trouble, I
need you,
You will have to remember
your oath —

C. P. J. November - 2 - 1917.

78

Shadow Time

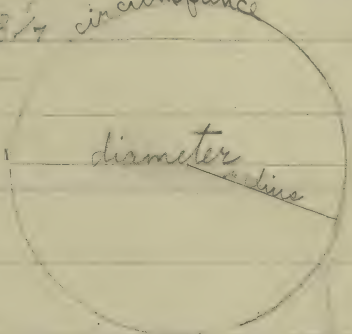
I
Twilight is falling the whole world is still
Golden the sunset, and silent the mill.
Night birds are calling from branches above.
Each flower is breathing a message of love.
Refrain — Soft fall the shadows o'er land and sea
Nature is slumbering in God's peace sublime, -
Bringing sweet dreams of Eternity.
Rest ye your heart for 'tis now Shadow Time.
Bright stars are twinkling like diamonds above,
Moon beams caressing the earth in their love.
Gone is the sun o'er the far western hill.
When night shades lower the whole world is still
Refrain
Soft fall the shadows o'er land and sea,
Nature is slumbering in God's peace sublime.
Bringing sweet dreams of Eternity
Rest ye your heart for 'tis now shadow time
(Russell's favorite waltz)

June 1920

Feb-26-1914 Arithmetic. Pearl Jacobs.

I To find circumfrence of a circle, multiply the diameter by 3.1416 or $3\frac{1}{7}$.

II To find the diameter of a circle devide the circumfrence by 3.1416 or $3\frac{1}{7}$



Be able to draw a circle and illustrate circumfrence, diameter, and radius. Found on P. 2907 - cy.

R = radius, " = inches, ' = ft.

3.1416 = pi, or π in Greek.

III To find the area of a circle square² the radius times 3.1416 or $3\frac{1}{7}$ as $R^2 \times \pi$ or $R^2\pi$

1 cu. ft = $7\frac{1}{2}$ gal. 1728 cu. in = 1 cu. ft.

231 cu. in. = 1 gal. 27 " ft = 1 " yd.

1 cu. ft = 1728 cu. in 12 in = 1 ft

3 ft = 1 yd

Arithmetic.

Linear Measure

5 1/2 yds or 16 1/2 ft = 1 rd
40 rds = 1 fur.
320 rds = 1 mi.
1760 yds = 1 "
5,280 ft = 1 "
63,360 in = 1 "

Square Measure

144 sq in = 1 sq ft.
9 " ft = 1 sq yd
30 1/4 " yd or, 272 1/4 sq ft = 1 sq rd.
160 sq rds = 1 sq. a.
640 " a. = 1 sq. mi.

Copy and Learn

To find a fractional part of a number.
To find what part one number is of another
To find a number when a certain fractional part is given.

Increase Sept-15-4

Increase a number by 25% of its self and = 40.

$25\% = 1/4 + 4/4 = 5/4 = 40$
$1/4 = 1/5$ of 40 or 8
$4/4 = 4 \times 8$ or 32

Diminish.   Sept 18-14.

What number diminished by 1/5 of its self = 40.?
50 diminished by 1/5 of its self, or, 10 = 40

My Mother's Bible.

There's a dear and precious book
Tho its old and faded now,
Which recalls the happy days of long ago.
When I stood at Mother's knee
With her hand upon my brow
And I heard her voice in gentle tones and low
Chorus:- Blessed book! precious book!
On thy dear old tear-stained leaves I love to look
Thou art sweeter day by day.
As I walk the narrow way
That leads at last to that bright home above

continued on page 86

May-4-1914. # Colonies Pearl Jacobs

Columbus discovered the East Indies Oct 12-149
The pilgrims came to Cape Cod Dec, 21 162

1. Maryland-was founded by George Calvert (Lord Baltimore) in 1634 The colony was made up of persecuted catholics of England.
2. Virginia-was founded by the London & Plymouth company in 1607. It was made up of English
3-4. Carolinas— South Carolina was founded in

5. Georgia-was founded by James Oglethorpe in 1732 The colony was made up of debtors of England who were in prison.

6. Massachusetts — was founded in 1620 by the pilgrims John Smith was the one who kept up the colony mostly, and then Roger Williams helped them.

6-7. 7. Maine & New Hampshire — was founded in 1630 by Ferdinando Gorges and John Mason. New Hampshire was founded in 1629 by Mason. People who settled it were mostly English & the church of English.

8. Connecticut — was founded in 1635 by Thomas Hooker, Samuel Stone, and John Winthrop. Some people (about 100) from Mass. came to Connecticut, and some Dutch came.

9. Rhode Island — was founded in 1636 by Rogers Williams. A little of every close, friendly nation came to Rhode Island.

10. New York — Was founded in 1613, by Henry Hudson the fur trader. Fur traders first settled.

myrtle 5-5-19

11. Delaware — was settled in 1638 by Peter
Minuit. It was settled by the Swedish and
dutch, It was called "New Sweden."
12. New Jersey — was founded in 1664, by
Lord John Berkeley and Sir George
Carteret. First to occupy N. J. was Dutch fur
traders. Then English and people from Conn.
13. Pennsylvania — was founded in 1681, by
William Penn. The colony was made up of
English, German, French and Swedish. Most
all of the people were quakers. Wm Penn
was a quaker follower.

Birthstones—Flowers. —etc.

January—Garnet —Wild Rose —True Friendship & fidelity
February—Amythyst— Carnation —sincerity & piece of mind.
March—Bloodstone— Violet— Firm & brave
April— Diamond—Easter Lily— Innocence.
May— Emerald—Lily of the Valley— Loved & Happy.
June—Agate— Rose — Health, wealth & a long life
July— Ruby— Daisy— Anxiety.
August Sardonyx— Water Lily— felicity.
September Sapphire— poppy — serenity.
October— Opal — cosmos — woe
November Topaz— Chrysanthemum— Truth
December Turquoise Holly.— Success

Mondays child is fair of face, Tuesday ...
Twesdays child is full of grace,
Wadnesdays child is sour and sad,
Thursdays child is merry and glad
Fridays child is thankfull and giving
Saturdays child must work for its living
A child that is born on the sabbath day
Is happy, bonnie, blithe and gay.

II

There she read of Jesus' love,
As He blest the children dear,
How he suffered, bled, and died upon the tree:
Of his heavy load of care:
Then she'd dry my flowing tear
With her kisses, as she said it was for me.

Chorus:—

III

Well those days are past and gone!
But their memory lingers still,
And that dear old Book each day has been my guide
And I seek to do His will
As my mother taught me then,
And ever in my heart His words abide.

Sung at Mother's day program at M. E. church
Sunday May 9th 1920, by Sunday School.

I got my paint Feb, 11- 1914
I got my paint Feb — 11 — 14

Pearl Jacobs
Bryant

Pearl C. Jacobs,
Bryant,
Wisconsin

NUMERATION.

Units	1
Tens	1 2
Hundreds	1 2 3
Thousands	1 , 2 3 4
Tens of Thousands	1 2 , 3 4 5
C. of Thousands	1 2 3 , 4 5 6
Millions	1 , 2 3 4 , 5 6 7
Tens of Millions	1 2 , 3 4 5 , 6 7 8
C. of Millions	1 2 3 , 4 5 6 , 7 8 9
Billions	1 , 2 3 4 , 5 6 7 , 8 9 0

MULTIPLICATION TABLE.

1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8	9	10	11	12
2	4	6	8	10	12	14	16	18	20	22	24
3	6	9	12	15	18	21	24	27	30	33	36
4	8	12	16	20	24	28	32	36	40	44	48
5	10	15	20	25	30	35	40	45	50	55	60
6	12	18	24	30	36	42	48	54	60	66	72
7	14	21	28	35	42	49	56	63	70	77	84
8	16	24	32	40	48	56	64	72	80	88	96
9	18	27	36	45	54	63	72	81	90	99	108
10	20	30	40	50	60	70	80	90	100	110	120
11	22	33	44	55	66	77	88	99	110	121	132
12	24	36	48	60	72	84	96	108	120	132	144

FEDERAL MONEY.

100 cents (c) make 1 dollar ($).
10 dollars " 1 eagle (E).

ENGLISH MONEY.

4 farthings make 1 penny (d).
12 pence " 1 shilling (sh).
20 shillings " 1 pound (£).

GERMAN MONEY.

100 pfennig make 1 mark.

FRENCH MONEY.

100 centimes make 1 franc.

AVOIRDUPOIS WEIGHT.

16 drams (dr.) make 1 oz.
16 oz. " 1 lb.
100 lbs. " 1 cwt.
20 hundred wt's " 1 ton.

TROY WEIGHT.

24 grains (gr.) make 1 dwt.
20 pennyweights " 1 ounce.
12 oz. " 1 lb.

APOTHECARIES' W'T.

20 grains (gr.) make 1 scruple.
3 scruples (sc.) " 1 dram.
8 drams (dr.) " 1 ounce.
12 ounces (oz.) " 1 pound.

LONG MEASURE.

12 inches make 1 foot.
3 feet " 1 yard.
6 feet " 1 fathom.
5½ yards " 1 pole or rod.
40 poles " 1 furlong.
8 furlongs " 1 mile.
69⅛ miles " 1 degree.

SQUARE MEASURE.

144 sq. in. make 1 sq. ft.
9 sq. ft. " 1 sq. yd.
30¼ sq. yds. " 1 sq. pole.
40 sq. poles " 1 rood.
4 roods " 1 acre.
640 acres " 1 sq. mile.

SOLID OR CUBIC MEAS.

1728 cu. in. make 1 cu. foot.
27 cu. ft. " 1 cu. yd.
128 cu. ft. " 1 cd. wood.
24¾ cu. ft. " 1 p'ch stone.

NOTE.—A cord of wood is a pile 8 ft. long, 4 ft. wide, and 4 ft. high; therefore, 8 x 4 x 4=128.
A perch of stone or bricks is 16½ ft. long, 1½ ft. wide, and 1 ft. high.

DRY MEASURE.

2 pints (pt.) make 1 quart.
8 quarts (qt.) " 1 peck.
4 pecks (pk.) " 1 bushel.
36 bushels (bu.) " 1 chaldron (ch)

LIQUID MEASURE.

4 gills make 1 pt.
2 pints " 1 qt.
4 quarts " 1 gal.
31½ gallons " 1 barrel.
2 bbl. or 63 gal " 1 hogshead (hhd)

PAPER MEASURE.

24 sheets (sh.) make 1 quire.
20 quires (qu.) " 1 ream.
10 reams (r.) " 1 bale (ba).

TIME MEASURE.

60 sec. make 1 minute.
60 min. " 1 hour.
24 hours " 1 day.
7 days " 1 week.
365 days " 1 com. year.
366 days " 1 leap year.
100 years " 1 century.

MISCELLANEOUS DENOMINATIONS.

12 units make 1 dozen.
12 doz. " 1 gross.
12 gross " 1 gr. gross.
20 units " 1 score.
56 lbs. " 1 firkin of butter.
100 " " 1 quintal of dried salt fish.
100 lbs. make 1 cask of raisins.
196 " " 1 bbl. of flour.
200 lbs. make 1 bbl. of beef, pork or fish.
280 lbs. make 1 bbl. of salt at the N. Y. State Salt Works.
32 lbs. make 1 bush. of oats.
48 " " 1 " barley.
56 " " 1 " corn or rye.
60 lbs. make 1 " wheat.